

17-19
In Memoriam.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Buffalo, N. Y.

In Memoriam.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ASSASSINATED

At Washington, April 14, 1865:

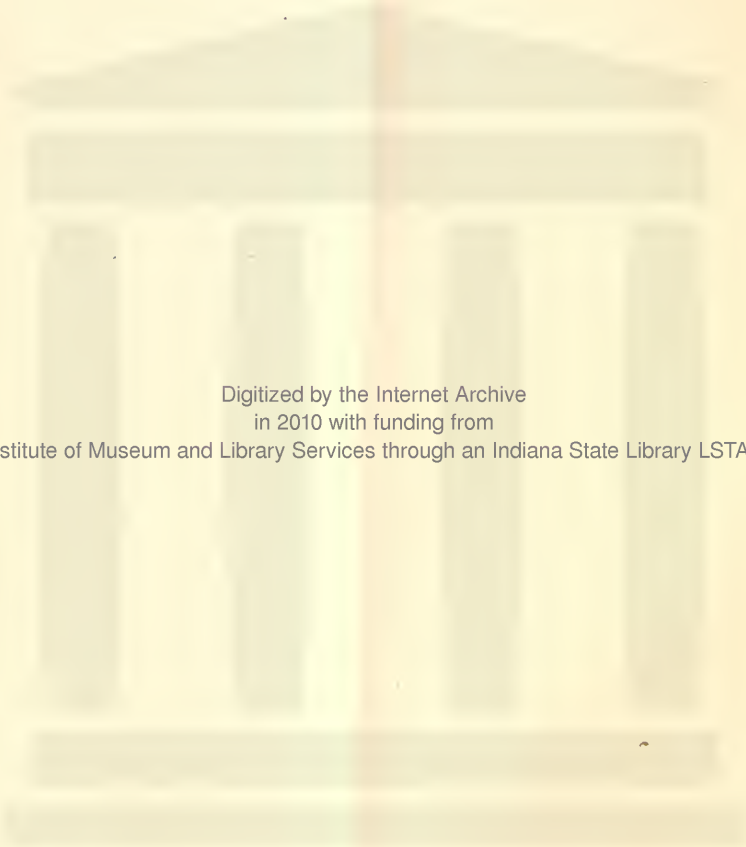
BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF MEETINGS, ACTION OF AUTHORITIES AND SOCIETIES,
SPEECHES, SERMONS, ADDRESSES AND OTHER EXPRESSIONS OF
PUBLIC FEELING ON RECEPTION OF THE NEWS, AND AT
THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE PRESIDENT,

AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

BUFFALO:
PRINTING HOUSE OF MATTHEWS & WARREN,
Office of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

1865.



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In Memoriam.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Assassinated Good Friday, 1865.

"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

He said, and so went shriven to his fate—
Unknowing went, that generous heart and true.
Even while he spake the slayer lay in wait,
And when the morning opened Heaven's gate
There passed the whitest soul a nation knew.
Henceforth all thoughts of pardon are too late;
They, in whose cause that arm its weapon drew,
Have murdered MERCY. Now alone shall stand
Blind JUSTICE, with the sword unsheathed she wore.
Hark, from the eastern to the western strand
The swelling thunder of the people's roar:
What words they murmur—FETTER NOT HER HAND!
SO LET IT SMITE, SUCH DEEDS SHALL BE NO MORE!

—Edmund C. Stedman.

In Memoriam.

Saturday, April 15th, 1865, was a day of mourning in Buffalo. The direful news of the assassination of the President, and the attempted murder of Secretary Seward, passed from mouth to mouth, until within a space of time almost incredibly short, it was diffused over the entire city. Workmen on their early way to the forges and shops spoke of the awful calamity with blanched faces; friends met and shook hands in silence or conversed with quivering lips and choked utterance; bells tolled; the usual sounds peculiar to a busy city on the busiest day of the week were hushed, and it seemed that a pall had been spread over all.

With one accord, as it were, the stores were closed, all traffic was suspended, and the sable emblems of woe appeared on every hand. From the dwelling of the humblest colored family to the mansion of the most opulent citizen, fluttered the half-mast flag, and there were few

localities where some manifestations of sorrow were not apparent. All business was suspended. The streets were crowded, and the telegraph offices were besieged by those eager to obtain the latest tidings; men stood in knots and conversed upon the sad event, and told their hopes and fears for the future; and the usual avocations and pastimes were forgotten in the contemplation of the overwhelming calamity.

On receiving the despatch which announced that the President had breathed his last, a large placard, of which the following is a copy, was printed at the office of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and distributed gratuitously:

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD!

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, April 15, 1865.

To MAJ. GENERAL DIX,

Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty-two minutes after Seven o'clock.

E. M. STANTON, Sec. of War.

These were placed in the windows of very many houses and stores.

The citizens, the Board of Trade, the Masonic order, the Churches, all took proper action on the occasion.

The following was the leading editorial in the *Commercial Advertiser*, on the afternoon of Saturday:

WE stand in the presence of a sudden and terrible national calamity. Like thunder from a clear sky, the intelligence of the assassination of the President of the United States has fallen upon the unprepared ears, and has sunk deep into the hearts of the people. From the summit of our great joy over the near presence of peace through victory, we have been suddenly cast down into mourning. For the third time within less than a quarter of a century, death has smitten the representative head of the nation; but this time he has come in a shape which will create a sensation all over Christendom, infinitely more profound than attended the death of Harrison or Taylor.

The shock of the terrible event is still so fresh upon all, and the results so full of apprehension and conjecture, that we stand appalled. It has come upon us at a time so ripe with the consummations of a great struggle, and so deeply freighted with the destinies of our nation, that words are but vanity, and thoughts are too tumultuous for deliberate expression. It comes "in the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves." Truly, "the mourners go about the streets." We mourn the loss of one who was a stalwart reaper in the harvest field of the world's progress; one who had "borne his faculties so meek, and had been so clear in his great office, that his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off." Although his mortal remains now lie inanimate in the White House, yet Abraham Lincoln is not dead! He still lives, and will live "to the last syllable of recorded time" in the mighty accomplishments which he achieved, as God's chosen instrument. His death was his apotheosis. He has been promoted to the sublime rank of The American Martyr. He has but gone forward to take command of the silent soldiers of the Republic, whose invisible hands shall hereafter reach out from the Eternal, and sustain and protect our government.

We mourn for him as a man, as a father, as a husband; we mourn for him as the political architect, who was called to the second building of our temple, the completed glories of which it was forbidden that he should witness. We mourn for the unachieved possibilities of his fame; but we mourn not without hope. Wherefore?

Because every drop of Abraham Lincoln's blood has been sanctified to the perfect work of our regeneration; and will be the talis-

man of an inexorable purpose all through the land. Every American heart that beats worthily and honestly, to-day beats higher and faster, with a steadfast purpose of perseverance, and a more unyielding endeavor. We accept, as a sacred inheritance, the precious legacy of his unfinished labors: and, by God's grace, we will complete them.

To the dead, we say: "Hail! and farewell!" Reverently lifting up his fallen mantle, we pray for the Divine guidance to him who has fallen heir to it.

Abraham Lincoln died upon the eve of the anniversary of the Crucifixion. His soul took its flight amid the echoes of solemn praises which accompanied the raising of the old flag over Sumter. Both are significant. The nation has completed its atonement; let the New Man and the People see to it that the New Dispensation shall come.

The *Courier*, in its first issue after the death of Mr. Lincoln, spoke as follows:

OVER the bier of the murdered President, his political friends and political enemies clasp hands, in common execration of the crime, and common grief over the national calamity, of his assassination. The event is utterly without parallel in our own history, and we doubt whether the annals of a thousand years furnish a precedent for a deed so monstrous and fraught with so momentous consequences. The heart of the country was the mark of the assassin; civilization, not in this hemisphere only, but everywhere, felt the shock of the murderous blow.

Words are vain to comment adequately on the tragedy itself; we can only follow imperfectly, in expression, some of the thoughts it suggests. Abraham Lincoln, on the fatal night of his murder, held relations to the country and to the world, the importance of which it is impossible to calculate. Compelled during a part of his administration to oppose his policy, we yet realize that not only was he at this time peculiarly the embodiment of the "American idea," but in him and his action, as developed during the later days of his life, was centered the hope of the people. The germ of pacification — of a return on the part of a distraught and divided country, to unity, peace and prosperity — lay in the brain which was pierced

with a mortal wound on Friday night. If they mourn him who have gloried in him as their leader in war, much more should they grieve, who, in the midst of war, have been most wearily sighing for peace.

There was a time after the fearful news came, when it seemed that the hand of sacrilege had effectually shaken the very altar of our country's liberties — that the foundations of the political and social structure had been stricken with its head. Confusion, anarchy, revolution, seemed to follow in the track of the assassin. But we have faith in the soundness and saneness of the heart of the American people. Even from this staggering stroke it will recover, and address itself, we earnestly believe, as calmly as before, to the great work of composing the disordered and embittered elements of our national life to peace and harmony.

Andrew Johnson is President. Let us hope that the men of reason and statesmanship around him, rather than the men of passion and extreme opinions, will be chosen as his influential counsellors; that the sacred obligation upon him to follow the path indicated and entered upon by his dead predecessor, will be sacredly honored. His antecedents were formed among associations which tended to make the Constitution and the fundamental principles of American government and liberty, paramount and dear to his mind. We hope and believe he will be true to these. We trust him. Let all true men and patriots, forgetting, in this dark hour of the Republic, party prejudices and proclivities, give him their support and prayers.

The chief danger attending the assassination of President Lincoln, was that the madness of the murder would stir up a counter-madness in the minds of the loyal people. We rejoice to believe that the danger is past. Sorrow is the master passion of the country, and the moment cannot come now, when grief might be transformed into the hideous spirit of indiscriminating revenge. Universally the childishness, the wickedness, is recognized, of those few who would make the awful crime of one or two or a score of persons a pretext for wholesale vengeance toward a people — a plea for reversing a policy established by the lamented dead and for inaugurating a course which would entail a generation of strife and misery upon the country, and disgrace upon the American name.

Let the nation sorrow, though not without hope, for one who served it, to the best of his ability and knowledge, faithfully. Let

it cherish the memory of the dead, and vindicate outraged justice and humanity in the person of his murderer. But above all, let it take the spirit of its departed leader to be its guide in the difficult and stormy future before it. "He, being dead, yet speaketh." In the name of the murdered Abraham Lincoln, we conjure the loyal people to imitate the calmness, the kindness, the quiet wisdom he exemplified — to pursue the generous, enlightened, politic course he had inaugurated with reference to the great problem now confronting the country.

The following formed the leading article in the *Express* on Monday, April 17th:

HOW reverently Abraham Lincoln was loved by the American People; how much they had leaned upon the strength of his heroic character, in the great trial through which he led them; how perfect a trust they reposed in his wisdom, his integrity, his patriotism and the fortitude of his faithful heart; how great a space he filled in all the constitution of their hopes, they have now been made to know as they did not know before. The shock of consternation, grief, and horror, which revealed it to them, was undoubtedly the most profound that ever fell upon a people. It shook this nation like an earthquake. The strong men of America wept together like children. Never, do we believe, was there exhibited such a spectacle of manly tears, wrung from stout hearts by bitter anguish, as every street of every city, town and hamlet, in these United States presented on Saturday last. Ah, there was a deep planting of love for Abraham Lincoln in the hearts of his countrymen! Noble soul, honest heart, wise statesman, upright magistrate, brave old patriot, the nation was orphaned by thy death, and felt the grief of orphanage.

But grief is only half the bitter passion that thrills the country under the awful blow of murder which struck down its Chief. It brings a fierce accompaniment — fierce, but not altogether fierce, for it wears a stern solemnity. All the tender sentiment that had been growing up in the popular heart, under the magnanimous influence of victory, was steelled and hardened upon the instant. Each man felt, as though the assassin hand of treason was at his own throat,

the deadliness of the conflict, and the temper of the nation underwent a total change.

A new aspect is put upon the contest by this tremendous tragedy. With all that we had learned of the fiendish and implacable ferocity of the slavery-begotten treason with which we are at war, we have learned more in a single hour than all before. For this most hellish act is its exponent. In this murder of men, we taste but the concentrate essence of the venom which inspired the whole attempt of the murder of the nation. We know it now. We know now what the Richmond editor meant, two months ago, when he spoke with mystery of a blow to be struck that should "astound the world." We know what George Sanders meant, when he whispered in the ear of Sala a prophecy of deeds that should "make civilization shudder." They meant these murders. They meant more than these. They meant an organized scheme of assassination, larger than devilish hate or devilish treason ever conceived before — aimed at the cutting down of all the nation's heads in government.

It was Rebellion, in its corporate character, that moved and nerved and armed the assassins. Booth and his confederates of the inner circle of the monster plot were but the representatives and agents of the great Confederacy behind them. The death to which they have doomed themselves is but the penalty which the whole rebellious race invoke upon their heads by this foul deed. It is imbecile to talk of conciliatory lenience to such a race, and only imbeciles talk it any longer. Men feel that the iron hand of justice must be clenched against them, ungloved with any tenderness whatever.

Perhaps, in the great design of Providence, for the working out of the consequences of this tremendous struggle to their utmost end, it was needful that this awful tragedy should be enacted, to steel the softened temper of the people, and that Abraham Lincoln, his own great part performed, his fame complete, was laid a costly sacrifice upon the altar of that stern need. There is this thought in many a reverent mind; but with this, or without it, the MARTYRDOM of Abraham Lincoln gives him a sacred memory forever.

The meeting of citizens on Saturday evening at the Merchants' Club Room, though the call was not published

until late, was very largely attended. The assemblage was called to order by S. V. R. WATSON, Esq., on whose nomination, Hon. E. G. SPAULDING was chosen to preside. WM. THURSTONE was elected Secretary. In assuming the chair, Mr. SPAULDING spoke briefly, but feelingly and eloquently, of the occasion which had called the citizens together. He paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the President, and alluded to his acquaintance with Andrew Johnson; said he had known him as a zealous, faithful and industrious representative, a true and upright man, and believed he would remain firm and carry out faithfully the policy of the Administration; that he would never yield a hair to the rascals who had been laboring to destroy the nation; but would stand by the government, whatever might betide.

Rev. H. A. PARSONS next spoke in vindication of the character of President Johnson.

Rev. Dr. HEACOCK was then loudly called, but indisposition had prevented his attendance.

Judge CLINTON was the next speaker. In answer to a vociferous call he came forward and took the stand, though evidently with much unwillingness. "God knows," he said, "I do not wish to speak this evening." He was overcome with a blow more terrible than ever felt before. It had seemed to him for a time that the hopes of the country had been crushed; but reflection had shown him that he was mistaken. He did not wish

to make a speech. He was fearful that, in the intensity of his feelings, he might give utterance to that for which he might afterward be sorry. (Cries of "Go on! No danger.") Judge Clinton continued in a strain of impassioned eloquence to portray the murderous course pursued by those who have arrayed themselves against the government, and concluded by declaring that "come weal, come woe, what little life there was left in him should be devoted to the support of Andrew Johnson and his administration." His remarks were received with a storm of applause, and created a profound sensation.

Rev. J. W. BALL followed, and spoke for some time with eloquence and fervor in relation to the spirit that had fostered and encouraged the assassination of the President. "The same spirit," he said, "had manifested itself in the Senate Chamber for years before." The reverend gentleman went on to speak in appropriate terms of the retribution to which the enemies of the country had exposed themselves, and expressed the hope that they might meet with a proper punishment.

S. M. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., moved that a committee of ten be appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the observance of the 20th day of April in a solemn and becoming manner.

A. SHERWOOD, Esq., moved, as an amendment, that a committee of five be appointed to co-operate with committees to be appointed by the Board of Trade and Common Council.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN accepted the amendment, and the motion as amended was adopted.

The Chair appointed the following gentlemen as such committee: Brig.-Gen. R. L. Howard, chairman; Pascal P. Pratt, George W. Clinton, S. S. Jewett and Wm. H. Glenny.

After some additional remarks from Mr. SPAULDING, in which all were exhorted to return to their homes with renewed determination to perform their duties as loyal citizens, and to stand by the Government to the last, the meeting adjourned.

On the Sabbath succeeding the death of the President, Rev. Dr. Lord delivered the following discourse in the Central Presbyterian Church. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and the earnest, impassioned words of the eloquent divine were such as are seldom heard.

The text selected for the occasion was "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."—REV. xix. 6.

Discourse

DELIVERED BY REV. DR. LORD, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AT THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, APRIL 16, 1865.

REPORTED BY H. W. BOX, ESQ.

BEHOLD in this sad drapery, in this national flag clad with the emblems of woe, the outward tokens of the irrepressible grief of a great nation weeping over the death of its beloved and venerated President. The words of David concerning Abner, struck down by an assassin, sound over the chasm of thirty centuries

through this church and ten thousand churches over all the land, "Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel? Who was like to him in Israel? How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished." From the height of gladness, in the midst of joyful tidings the nation is plunged into the deepest grief. We looked for joy, but behold sorrow, — for judgment and behold a cry, — for peace and lo! not war alone, but murder, most foul, most horrible. We thought we saw out of a darkness of four years' duration, the beams of the rising sun, and lo! the pall of midnight gathers over the sky, and instead of thanksgiving and praise, we are called to mourning, lamentation and woe. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS FALLEN BY THE BLOW OF AN ASSASSIN; the sick chamber of the Secretary of State has been invaded, and a dagger thrice thrust into his body after the murderous felling of his attendants. No wonder the nation is horrified as these tidings pass along from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet. No wonder the stoutest-hearted tremble, and the strong man bows himself to conceal his tears, and the cry of a whole people goes up to God, "How long, O Lord, will thou not judge and avenge their blood?" Three hundred thousand martyrs fallen in this war for law and liberty greet the advent of their chief in the world of spirits and hail him as the noblest victim of them all. God grant he may be the last.

I do not believe such a crime has been committed in a thousand years, perhaps not since the day of the murder on Calvary, when the heavens darkened and the earth staggered, and the dead arose as the God-man Mediator hung upon the cross. No human death can, indeed, be likened to that of Him who died for our sins upon the cruel Tree, but it may serve as a comparison to mark degrees of guilt in all lesser crimes.

"Besides this man

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd,
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind."

I do not look upon the murder of the President as an act of mere private vengeance; it was a blow aimed at the people who elected him and at the principles he represented. He could not have had a personal enemy. He was among the mildest and most humane of men, genial, generous, unwilling to shed blood, interposing his prerogative of mercy when he possibly could without danger to the country, and erring, when he did err, on the side of compassion; a man of unassuming manners, without pride or haughtiness, accessible always to the poorest suppliant, harboring no revengeful feeling toward any, incapable of a cruel word or act, — such a man could have no personal enmities. He was hated as the representative of Northern men, of free principles, as the head of a nation defending its life against an unprovoked and utterly wicked rebellion, whose sole object was to perpetuate a detestable slave Oligarchy which sought to enthrone itself upon the ruins of free institutions, free labor, free soil, and free speech. Mr. Lincoln was threatened with assassination on his way to Washington at his first inaugural, before he could have done any act to excite personal enmity.

The threat has hung over him ever since, not so much as the man Abraham Lincoln, as the President of the United States, and now the blow has fallen after four years of unparalleled trial and labor, after wearisome days and wearisome nights, and all the perplexity of a doubtful war; after having endured burdens which would have killed most men, and exhibited a devoted patriotism and an unexpected and extraordinary ability, which twenty years hence will be acknowledged by his bitterest political opponents. After the successful termination of the war by the surrender of Richmond and the capture of Lee's whole army, and while he was revolving measures for the restoration of the South, his heart full of kindness and good-will to the fallen foe, while he was engaged in making their fall as light as possible, he is basely assassinated in the presence of a thousand people, the murderer crying out the ancient motto of Virginia, with an open dagger in his hand, "*sic semper tyrannis!*"

What a grim burlesque was this! It was the tyrant who held the dagger, it was Hampden who fell. "*Sic semper tyrannis*" is the proper motto to be inscribed upon the tomb of the slaveholders' rebellion, while round the monument of our martyred President a grateful people will hang the broken chains of four millions of

slaves, and pilgrims of freedom from every land of every coming age will crown it with their votive offerings.

The President's recent inaugural seems now to have been a prophetic utterance of one appointed to die. Its solemn religious tone, its abnegation of all personal merit or praise, its sublime reference to the justice of God, and appeal to His decision, was "an anointing for his burial." It suggested on its first perusal the words of a poet:

His voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its solemn tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Its closing words will be read in every language and by every people to the end of time:

"FONDLY DO WE HOPE, FERVENTLY DO WE PRAY, THAT THIS MIGHTY SCOURGE OF WAR MAY SOON PASS AWAY. YET, IF GOD WILLS THAT IT CONTINUE UNTIL ALL THE WEALTH PILED BY THE BONDMAN'S TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF UNREQUITED TOIL SHALL BE SUNK, AND UNTIL EVERY DROP OF BLOOD DRAWN WITH THE LASH SHALL BE PAID WITH ANOTHER DRAWN WITH THE SWORD, AS WAS SAID THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, SO, STILL IT MUST BE SAID: "THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD ARE TRUE AND RIGHTEOUS ALTOGETHER."

The ruffian who slew him embodied the revenge and malice of the leaders of this revolt against the government and the institutions of the United States. Exasperated by utter defeat, and rendered furious by the blows of Grant, Sherman, Thomas and Sheridan, the broken Confederacy was the wounded serpent writhing under the heel of the victor, striking its venomous fangs into its foe with a last dying hiss.

But however grievous this calamity may be, however sad the removal of our President at such a time as this, when he was about to receive the reward of his noble patriotism, his herculean labors and his innumerable perplexities, we are not without consolation. The Republic survives! Our victorious Generals and their noble armies, our invincible navy, and the officers, survive, and hold and will hold all that they have won. If we take up the old Hebrew lamentation, "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod," we know that God the Judge and the Avenger still lives and reigns. As the voice "of many waters and of mighty thunderings"

there comes to us in this providence the solemn annunciation "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and its language to us is, "Put not your trust in man." It reminds us of our dependence. It tells us in our bereavement that He who guided our councils and gave victory to our armies, is yet the ruler of nations and will perfect his work.

The folly no less than the wickedness of the murder of President Lincoln is very apparent, for clemency was one of his chief characteristics. The rebels could not have selected in all the Government one so likely to deal leniently with them, so disposed to forgiveness, so ready to forego the claim of justice in all possible cases, so inclined, as possibly to err, on the side of mercy. His death introduces to the Chief Magistracy of the nation Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, himself personally so great a sufferer from the tyranny of the Southern Rebels, that it will be hard for him to forgive. They have killed a friend to put an enemy in his place, one who knows them too well, and has suffered by them too much, to be cajoled or flattered into a remission of the penalty. God, as it seems to us, has taken away the kind and amiable Chief Magistrate when he has done his work, and put a stern judge in his place. So much we may discover, though "His way is in the sea, and His pathway in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known." I do not mean by this that Mr. Johnson, who is now the President of the United States, is a hard or revengeful man. I believe him, in the disgraceful scene at the Capital, to have been the victim of a conspiracy; we have the evidence that he had enemies in Washington ripe for any villainy. His record as Governor of Tennessee and Senator of the United States, shows him to be an able man and a true patriot, and patriotism in the South means something, because it costs something. His words at the first formal meeting of his Cabinet are most significant; he said that at present he saw no necessity for an extra session of Congress, and further, that he would not commit himself to a policy which would prevent visiting condign punishment upon traitors. He had been fighting rebels here and in Tennessee, and his previous course might be regarded as an indication of his future conduct upon this subject.

God has in this a purpose, and as He left the Southern slaveholders to destroy slavery by their own act, so now He has left them in their murderous, devilish and insane rage to assassinate the merciful

and kind Northern Magistrate and given them a Southern Judge. If "his little finger" should prove "thicker" than his predecessor's "loins," they will be compelled to remember that the threatened, justified and finally accomplished assassination of Friday last was the fruit of their own devices. God has suffered them to kill the son of Consolation to give them a son of Thunder.

If President Lincoln had not done his work he would have been spared to the People. No weapon forged against him could prosper, no murderous plan prevail while God had need of him, while his life was essential to the nation. Doth not the Lord God Omnipotent reign? Who kept the pistol and the dagger from our lamented President for more than four years? His life was always threatened; there has not been an hour since his first inaugural when there was not a conspiracy to murder him; men bound themselves by oath as in the days of Paul to kill him — but not until he reached the number of his months, not until his work was done, could the assassins prevail. And as surely as the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, so surely he has something for Andrew Johnson to do, or He would not in his providence have placed him in the Presidential chair.

I do not suppose the entire South are involved in the guilt of this detestible crime — but there is a class at the South, represented by the men who fired the city of New York, and committed robbery and murder at St. Albans, who are responsible for this crime. When an amiable and skillful physician, a man of high literary standing, went from this city some three years since as a surgeon, he became a correspondent of one of our city papers. He had a charge of rebel prisoners, and in one of his communications he said, after speaking of the poor whites kindly, that there was a class who ought not to be suffered to live. Some of our citizens expressed surprise at such a declaration coming from Dr. Hunt. It was no enigma to me, for during my residence South I saw something of this class, and I said then, and now say, that they were, and are dangerous at any time and in any community. Before they commenced this war and expended their wrath and malice and malignity upon us, they were slaughtering each other. They were the hangers on to the slaveholders, half educated, poor and wholly insolent, "full of murder, debate, deceit, and malignity," always armed and always ready for a deadly quarrel. Men not merely "wanting principle and wanting bread," like Northern demagogues, but full of active malice,

ready to stab a man for a word; not merely duelists, but assassins, with no regard whatever for human life. These villains have been the authors of this war, they have been made officers of companies and regiments in the Southern army, and in them has been and is the virus of the rebellion. Our murdered prisoners, whose blood cries aloud from the ground to God for vengeance, were their victims.

It is not likely that Secretary Seward, if he survives, will be able longer to serve his country in the arduous post of Secretary of State. Perhaps no man in the land was so qualified for the position he has occupied during the war as Mr. Seward. His suavity, his ingenuity, his subtlety, together with his great ability, made him more than a match for the ablest diplomatists of Europe. More than any other man, he has kept foreign war from our doors, and his services have been continued until the danger was past by the overturn of the rebellion. If he is laid aside, it is because his work is done, and because others may do that which remains.

There is a solemn significance in the removal of President Lincoln in such a manner, and at such a time. The Lord God Omnipotent, who reigneth in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, teaches us the instability of fortune, and the uncertainty of life. Our President was in a position which commanded the attention and the homage of the world. Newly elected by an overwhelming vote, his administration approved and his acts confirmed by the people—recently inaugurated the second time, with the plaudits and blessings of the nation, there seemed nothing necessary to his felicity but the final overthrow of the insurrection which has so long and persistently assaulted the national life. This consummation was vouchsafed to him; the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee substantially closed the war, and President Lincoln might have said, “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.” Yet he was in the prime of life—in the vigor of his years. There was before him the promise of a glorious future. A half million of gallant soldiers, flushed with victory, were under his orders, any one of whom would have interposed his body and given his life to shield the President from the shot of an assassin;—he was enthroned in the hearts of millions of people, whose love and reverence were seen in the tears and prayers and lamentations with which they received the news of his death. But no prayers, no tears, no

gallant defenders could save him when the number of his days was reached. We hear a voice from heaven saying: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." "Verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity."

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor, crooked scythe and spade."

There is another solemn proof of the necessity of the war, and that the Lord God Omnipotent who reigneth has suffered it for a just purpose and to a wise end; whatever might have been thought of American slavery before the war, and whatever apology might have been honestly made for it, events which have occurred within the last four years have served to show that its influence has been utterly barbarizing. The conduct of the enemy at Bull Run was most vindictive and unscrupulous, and the most brutish acts were perpetrated upon our prisoners and our dead, to gratify their base and ferocious passions. Some of our unfortunate men had been buried in an inhuman manner, while from others, skulls and bones had been taken and fashioned into cups and ornaments for Southern ladies. No such atrocity has been recorded in history for five hundred years, and now the brutal murder of the President, and the murderous assault upon Mr. Seward and his family, constitutes the last crowning acts of their brutality. If these things have not their root and virus in slavery, whence are they? The people of the Southern States are of the same race. They have the same Bible—the same common law with Christianity for its basis. Whence then this monstrous cruelty—this beastly barbarism?

Had the South succeeded they would have made slavery perpetual and aggressive and perhaps dominant; and what could have been the result but the barbarism of the entire continent, a return to the dark ages, an obliteration of the reforms and the progress of a thousand years? God, who planted this nation and sifted all Europe for three hundred years to colonize the New World with a peculiar peo-

ple, a chosen generation and a royal priesthood, to furnish an example to the down-trodden nations of a free Church and free State, could not suffer this purpose to be defeated. The Mayflower was not saved from shipwreck in her passage across the stormy Atlantic; our fathers were not delivered from the pestilence that swept off the savage foe lying in ambush for their lives; they did not endure poverty and famine in the land of their exile, to have their divinely appointed work crushed under the heel of a remorseless slaveocracy. Hence this war — hence its result — hence the martyrdom of our beloved President, which must serve to fasten in every mind an everlasting abhorrence of a system producing such effects, and which will lead every father in the land to swear his children to an undying hatred to every form of servitude, as Hamilear swore Hannibal upon the altars of Carthage to eternal hatred to Rome.

Brethren, fellow-citizens, and friends, let us not be utterly cast down, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. He guides the whirlwind and directs the storm, He brings good out of evil and light out of darkness, He causes the wrath of men to praise Him, and restrains the remainder. Let us thank God that he has spared our venerated President so long, and permitted him to behold on the mount of a sure anticipation the promised Canaan of peace and union. As Moses the leader and law-giver of the Hebrews was shown the promised land, and yet not suffered to enter, so God gave President Lincoln a view of coming glory from captured Richmond, and then called him to his rest. Our murdered President needs no eulogy, for his works do follow him. He has been our God-given pilot through the storm of war, and brought us in sight of the port of peace.

If George Washington was the father of his country, Abraham Lincoln is its restorer. He has been the representative man of his day in the battle for freedom. He has a monument more durable than brass in the hearts of the American people. He needs no marble, no emblazoned escutcheon, — he lives forever in history, and is henceforth enrolled in the records of mankind among the great martyrs of liberty. The sturdy yeomen of the land from whom he descended, and who placed him in power, and the grateful slaves whose bonds he sundered, will guard his name and fame with sleepless vigilance, and point their descendants to his grave as the shrine of American freedom. God grant that he may be the LAST, as he is

the most illustrious victim of that vast army who have fallen for freedom; that this last and noblest sacrifice may consummate the work of expiation for a nation's guilt.

As the illustrious dead has gone to give an account of the deeds done in the body—to answer to the responsibilities of the wide sphere of action and the large stewardship committed to him, so every one of us shall soon pass to the same dread tribunal, to receive a judgment according to our works; for he who had one talent, is represented by our Lord as called to account with him that had ten, and condemned because he had hidden his Lord's money! Happy and blessed are they who have taken sanctuary in *Him* who is as “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;” “who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification;” “who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him:” who gave one hour of triumph to the powers of darkness, that he might win for us eternal redemption from Death and Hell; exclaiming, as he ascended in triumph, bearing gifts for men, “O death, I will be thy plagues! O grave, I will be thy destruction!”

Concerning “our strong rods broken and withered,” we may conclude with the ancient lamentation of Moses, the man of God, recorded in the ninetieth Psalm: “Thou turneth man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.”

On Sunday morning, at the North Presbyterian Church, the pastor, Rev. Henry Smith, D. D., made the following remarks:

BEFORE THE SERMON.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: If my heart were not already profoundly oppressed and troubled, the weeping heavens, yonder drooping banners of the Republic, this pulpit and the walls of this temple of God draped in black, yea, the sorrowful countenances before me, would sufficiently admonish me that we meet this morning under the dark shadow of a great national calamity. Sympathizing myself most deeply and fully in your grief, I needed no such admonition. Knowing from my own, the conflicting and struggling emotions which agitate your breasts, I have even doubted whether to address you at all. It is yet too early to give to these tumultuous feelings an interpretation, much more is it too early to give to them an appropriate expression. But can we bear to speak or to think of anything else? My friends, Abraham Lincoln is dead; but the Almighty Ruler of the universe still lives. The administration of Abraham Lincoln, the father of a regenerated country, the first martyr President in the cause of American liberty, is at an end: but the holy government of God, and the laws of his glorious and universal empire still survive. Yea, Christ and the precepts of his blessed gospel still remain. The responsibilities and duties of the living followers of Christ, lifted from him who is now with God, still rest upon us. I do not desire to divert from their natural channel the full currents of your grief. But in the circumstances of the case, can we do better than to turn away our thoughts for a few minutes, from man to God? from the condition of our earthly country to the principles and precepts of that spiritual realm which is revealed to us in the gospel? I have, therefore, resolved to preach to you a short discourse, which I was preparing for the day, before the intelligence of the sad calamity, which has befallen us, had reached our ears; adding at the close such an application to our present national circumstances as the suddenness and horror of this awful tragedy permits to one whose thoughts and feelings are as deeply agitated as your own.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SERMON.

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN: This is the first occasion on which I have been with you since the fall of Richmond, and it is the holy Sabbath succeeding a week in which our hearts had been thrilled by the news of the surrender of the chief army which sustained the rebel-

lion of the South against our national government. This glorious news had lifted the whole nation into the sphere of rapture; into a mood of mind which could find no adequate expression except in a repetition of the song of the angels at the advent of the prince of peace: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good-will to men." I should not have met your expectations, nor done justice to my own emotions, if I had purposely omitted at least to allude to these tidings of great joy. They are, indeed, tidings of great joy, not merely to us, as a nation, but to all the world, for however ill-appreciated they may be, by large portions of mankind, who do not yet understand the methods by which Christ's kingdom is to come on the earth, the great events which they herald are in fact a part of those glorious triumphs by which the kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, are to be given to the people of the Saints of the Most High God.

We stand to-day before the King of heaven, aghast, astonished, paralyzed, a nation without a head. The national heart has ceased to beat, and our tongue cleaves to the roof of our month. Yonder in the capital lies the body of our President, cold in death; and by his side, if still living, the gasping form of his chief counsellor, the Secretary of State, victims alike of a Satanic plot of desperate treachery and vengeance. Never before, since William the Silent fell pierced by the slugs of Belthazar Gerard, has so horrible a crime shocked the sensibilities of the civilized world. Never before has so awful and so purposeless a tragedy been enacted upon the high theatre of a nation's life. It is the expiring sting of the dragon of treason, venomous and vindictive even in its death throes. It is yet too early to read its full meaning, or to calculate its full results. We trusted that it had been he who should fully have redeemed our Israel. But "my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither your ways my ways, saith the Lord. Be still, and know that I am God. Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God, which made heaven and earth, the sea and all that therein is; which keepeth truth forever; which executeth judgment for the oppressed; which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down. The Lord loveth the

righteous. He relieveth the fatherless and the widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down. The Lord shall reign forever; even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations."

My friends, we are to be saved and purified as a nation. I have no doubt of it. But God is to do it, not man. He will claim all the glory, and yield no portion of it to his instruments. God's hand was in the very wickedness which plotted and begun this terrible war; overruling it for the accomplishment of his great designs of mercy; God's hand has conducted it, leading us, both rulers and people, by a path we dreamed not of; God's hand has cut it short in righteousness, has brought it to a conclusion, which, awful and unexpected as it is, we may be sure will vindicate alike his justice and his mercy: will impress upon the nation, as no other event could have done, that he is the real governor, guide and protector of the Republic: challenging, as nothing else could have done, our recognition of his presence, and our obedience to the laws of his holy and universal empire. Even that dear heart, which now has ceased to beat, went before the nation in this reverent acknowledgment of God: humbly owned that he had been led in his administration by a higher than any human hand, and by a way which his own wisdom could never have devised. In the midst of the bitter tears of disappointment and sorrow, which have so suddenly flooded the national heart, in the full tide of jubilant rejoicings, let us remember his profound acknowledgment of God's hand in the conduct of our national affairs; and so far forth, at least, let us follow his example. Thankful to God for all he has enabled him to accomplish for the deliverance of the Republic from the machinations of treason, let us henceforth seat ourselves at the feet of this higher than any human teachers.

How solemn the emphasis, which this act of inhuman treachery and blood, deeper dyed in guilt than any regicide in the history of the world, adds to the second word, with which it was my original purpose to conclude this discourse. That word was, that in their civil relations and their civil actions, the followers of Christ are to be *holy*. We are to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. We are to acknowledge God, and the laws of his holy kingdom, in our civil relations and in our civil actions, no less than in all the other relations and acts of our earthly lives. God has taught us, O by what sad and solemn and bloody lessons of na-

tional retribution and suffering, that he is the God of nations as well as of individuals. God has taught us that when the wicked rule, the people mourn. If the events of the last four terrible years, if this awful and concluding tragedy of the war, does not burn that lesson into our very soul, we must be brutish indeed. Whatever may have been true of us in the past, if we have any capacity to learn in the school of Providence, we are no longer to be seduced by the sophistry of demagogues and placemen to talk about policy, to ignore justice: in the election of rulers, we are no longer to talk about availability, and ignore rectitude and the moralities of life as necessary qualifications in candidates for civil office. We owe all the horrors and sufferings of this war to bad men in power. Treason commenced its work in the capital, by *perjury*. It has finished its work, and thank God its own execrable life as well, by the *assassination* in the capital of the most benign and clement as well as pure-hearted, righteous and venerated Chief Magistrate of the nation. Above all this awful scene of wickedness, woe and death, sat, and still sits, the avenging Nemesis of divine and eternal retribution. The strokes of God have fallen, we may be sure, with an unerring aim. True, indeed, the heaviest blow of the divine justice have fallen upon that section of the country whose corrupt leaders plotted and attempted to consummate the destruction of the nation's life. But the terrible woes which the loyal States have suffered, terminating in the fearful tragedy which, on Friday night, robbed the nation of its head, ought to teach us that God has had, and still has, somewhat against us also. What that "somewhat" is, how light or how heavy the national guilt which it involves, we will not to-day any further inquire. From the stunning blow which has fallen upon us we have not yet sufficiently recovered distinctly to read the lessons which it was designed to teach. Our hearts are too troubled and sorrowful for calm and consecutive thought. But let us at least acknowledge that the hand of God is pressing heavily upon us. Let us at least endeavor to obey the admonition of his word: In the day of prosperity rejoice; but in the day of adversity *consider*. Let us humble ourselves under the afflictive hand of the Almighty, and whilst we mingle our sympathetic tears with those of the heart-stricken families of our slaughtered rulers, and our patriotic tears with those of a whole people bowed down under the weight of a great national sorrow, let us humbly and penitently im-

plore him to make us understand the lessons which he designs to teach us by this awful event. Let us confess before him the sins of the nation: especially that great sin — our national forgetfulness of God. Let us seek his grace to enable us to put far from us in the future, everything in our individual and national life which has offended him in the past. Let us pray.

On Sunday evening, at the Lafayette Street Presbyterian Church, after the usual introductory services, at the request of Dr. Heacock, the story of the assassination of William the Silent was read by Rev. Mr. Furman. Dr. Heacock then offered a few remarks. He said:

I REFER first to the historic instance which has just been read, in order to check the desperate thoughts which the feeling that nothing like this crime — the assassination of our noble President — has ever occurred in human history, would provoke. Fiendish malignity and hate have found such expression before. Nor is such an event as this to darken into solitary gloom the fate of a good man. The good and the great have fallen by just such dastardly means before. In the words which accompanied this bloody act, there was evidenced a mind as stolid and pointless as it was brutal: “*Sic semper tyrannis.*” These words uttered to justify the murder of a constitutional President, administering a free and written Constitution! Had the poor wretch flourished any other shred of Latin it would have been quite as applicable. No good man dies before his time, “we are immortal till our work is done.” Our murdered President has gone to join and complete the glorious roll of our martyrs in this war; to lay his honored dust beside the humblest grave of the humblest soldier of the Republic.

My friends, let us breathe no spirit of revenge either against the authors of this guilty treason or this atrocious assassination. Yet let us beware of those who are seeking for the most selfish of purposes to excite sympathy for this treason and its authors. God forbid that the Christian pulpit should ever be left to utter any words which would be approved by those most mercenary enemies of their country, the Northern sympathizers with Southern treason. It has

been said the South was provoked to all this. Who provoked them to starve our prisoners? shoot our soldiers who had surrendered? or to assassinate our good and great Chief Magistrate?

It is said that this sad event has killed the spirit of party. Ah! to destroy that our murdered President, I believe, would freely die again. With slavery dead and the bad spirit of party dead the country is surely redeemed! It is said the South has slain its best friend: to such madness God has left them at every step of their course. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Yet let us not think God has abandoned this land. He has great and rich purposes of mercy toward it. The prayers of the fathers and all its history assure this. Let us fear not. He who gave to us such a man as him we mourn can raise us up others in our need.

After the singing of a hymn:

"Servant of God well done,"

Dr. Lord next addressed the crowded congregation.

The irrepressible sympathy of the audience broke out in expressions which yet seemed not at all inconsistent with the gravity of the occasion, the time or the place. It seemed like an audible, reverent Amen, though it took another form. We have never heard Dr. Lord exceed himself in the words of this evening. The substance of his address is given in another part of this pamphlet, though it was not a mere repetition of himself, but he spoke as one out of a full heart.

Dr. Lord was followed in most earnest, ringing, eloquent words, by Rev. Mr. Plumb, of Chelsea, Mass., who presented some of the moral aspects of this dread crime and the need of sustaining the sentiment of public and governmental justice in the punishment of high crimes.

After which—with one more tender thought of the pale, sad, silent face of our dead President as he lay in the quiet sleep of death in the still chambers of the Federal mansion—and with a hymn of holy trust:

“O God, our help in ages past,” etc., etc.:—

after the Christian benediction by Dr. Lord—the vast assembly slowly dispersed. Never had there been such a day in that sanctuary.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

At the opening of the Board on Saturday morning, the President, S. H. Fish, Esq., called the members to order, saying, “All know the solemn circumstances under which we meet; no tongue can utter a word; every heart is wrung with anguish.”

L. K. Plimpton offered the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That in view of the terrible calamity which has befallen this country by the assassination of its Chief Magistrate, a committee of five be appointed by the President to prepare suitable resolutions, expressive of the sense of this Board under such a bereavement, and present the same to the Board at the usual time of meeting on Monday next, and that the committee be authorized to drape this room with suitable insignia of mourning for thirty days; and also to co-operate with other committees that may be appointed by the Common Council or citizens in relation to this sad event.

Adopted unanimously.

The Chair appointed the following gentlemen as the

committee:—L. K. Plimpton, N. C. Simons, B. F. Bruce, J. S. Buell, Wm. Thurstone, L. T. Kimball.

On motion of D. S. Bennett,

RESOLVED, That the doors of this room be now closed and draped with the proper insignia of mourning; and that all members of the Board are hereby requested to suspend business for the day.

Adopted unanimously.

The Board then adjourned.

On the following Monday, an adjourned meeting, with reference to the great national calamity, was held by the Board of Trade. The spacious room was crowded to its utmost capacity. The hall had been beautifully and appropriately draped and decorated, the walls being nearly covered with the insignia of grief. The decoration was made under the direction of M. St. Ody, assisted by a committee consisting of Messrs. B. F. Bruce, Geo. T. Bentley, Wm. Thurstone, L. T. Kimball, and others.

The President of the Board, S. H. Fish, Esq., was in the chair and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Lord. L. K. Plimpton, Esq., then offered the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, by a resolution of the Board of Trade, adopted at its last meeting, the undersigned were appointed a committee to prepare suitable resolutions expressive of the sense of this Board in view of the terrible calamity which had befallen this country by the assassination of its Chief Magistrate, and to drape this room with suitable insignia of mourning for thirty days, and also to co-operate

with other committees that may be appointed by the Common Council or citizens in relation to this sad event: your committee would therefore state that they have caused the Board of Trade rooms to be duly draped in mourning, and with great hesitation have undertaken, with feelings of profound sadness, and in a community of heart-stricken people, to prepare such an expression as would faintly indicate the views and feelings of this Board in view of the great calamity which has overwhelmed our common country, and therefore present the following for your consideration:

Whereas, in view of the tragical and lamentable event which has appalled the people of this nation, by the assassination of our great and good President, and in the deadly assault upon New York's favorite son, the wise and sagacious Secretary of State, and the members of his family — that it becomes us, located at the Empire Gateway of the Eastern States, as citizens of Buffalo, and as members of the Board of Trade here assembled, to give such expression of our views as may be consistent and appropriate to the occasion and the mournful circumstances under which we are placed; therefore,

Resolved, that it is with feelings of inexpressible sadness that we recognize the great calamity which has befallen the people of this country at this critical period in its history, and, as it were, in the hour of its triumph, by the death of Abraham Lincoln, its chosen Chief Magistrate, and that while we bow humbly to the Divine will in this removal, we can not but feel that in His good purpose He moves in a mysterious manner, “and that his ways are past finding out.”

Resolved, that in the midst of joy and triumph, the nation is suddenly called to deplore the loss of its greatest and truest friend, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, stricken down in the fullness of life to a martyr's grave, and at a time when strongest in the hearts of a grateful people; and in his death, brought about by the hands of a traitor assassin, the country has lost the noblest work of God — an honest man — and an exalted patriot — the friend of the poor and oppressed — the deliverer of his country — and a second Washington in the hearts of a sorrow-stricken people.

Resolved, that the citizens of Buffalo and the members of the Board of Trade, who admired and loved the fallen patriot and who have so generously sustained the holy cause he represented may appropriately testify their sorrow over this national calamity, and for

that purpose we will abstain from all business on Wednesday next, the 19th instant, and unite in dedicating the day, in the language of the Governor, to services appropriate to a season of national bereavement.

Resolved, that to the afflicted family of our chosen and late Chief Magistrate we tender our heartfelt sympathies in this their, as well as their country's, hour of affliction, commending them to the care of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, who will also care for the widow and fatherless.

Resolved, that in Andrew Johnson, the constitutional successor of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, we entertain the utmost confidence, in his integrity, his patriotism and his manhood, and following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, we hereby pledge ourselves to give him our undivided and unfaltering support, imploring the blessings of God to grant him that wisdom in counsel, sound conservative policy, prudence as well as energy of action, patience, single devotion to the cause of his country, and virtue, which characterized his lamented predecessor.

Resolved, that we entertain the greatest solicitude for the critical condition of our worthy and sagacious Secretary of State; that we sympathise with him in his afflictions, and hope for his speedy restoration to health, and that the country may be favored for many years to come with his judicious counsel and experienced statesmanship.

Resolved, that this Board will participate in such public demonstrations of respect to the memory of our deceased President as may be determined upon, and that a committee of five be appointed by the President of this Board, in the place of all other committees, to co-operate with similar committees from other bodies to that end.

Resolved, that these proceedings and resolutions be recorded at length in the book of the minutes of this Association, and copies thereof be furnished to the press of the city for publication; also, copies be transmitted by the Secretary of this Board to kindred associations.

On motion of G. S. Hazard, Esq., the preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The chair appointed the following committee:—Messrs.

L. K. Plimpton, G. S. Hazard, O. L. Nims, D. S. Bennett, and S. S. Guthrie.

Rev. Mr. Allison being called on, spoke as follows :

IT can be no ordinary event which brings so many of the business men of this city together at this hour of the day. Your sad countenances, your rooms draped with mourning, reiterate the appalling fact which has thrilled the heart of this nation with a sorrow more poignant than we ever felt before. Yes, our noble President is dead, and our grief has strange elements mingled with it, and our sorrow has an unwonted tone. He fell by the hand of an assassin! What a transition from the peans of joy in which the late victories were celebrated to the wail of sorrow now surging around the body of our murdered Chief Magistrate. How poor are man's words when God comes forth to speak to the people. It is, nevertheless, our duty, gentlemen, to strive to mitigate our grief with whatever of hope may lessen the sadness of this hour. May not blessings be concealed in this affliction?

We have had four years of civil war. Our energies have been devoted to one object—the overthrow of this rebellion. Your money, your brothers, your children, have been laid upon the altar of your country, and during this time business has flourished, fortunes have been made and a tide of unwonted commercial prosperity has swept over the land. Amid all this we may not have grown better. Our victories were possibly leading us away from Him who only “maketh wars to cease.” To-day we witness the unusual spectacle of strong men in tears. These tears will do the nation good. By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. It is a blessing to men whose thoughts are wholly given to business and politics to be humanized and softened, even if some great calamity be the means.

Under free governments where every man's right to express his opinion is recognized there will be friction, sometimes contention, and occasionally strife. During a warm political canvass we are too apt, like Homer's heroes, to first quarrel and then stand apart, but as these same warriors were brought together by a common calamity, so will we be brought face to face in the presence of this terrible affliction. Over the grave of our murdered President we

will forget our fends and think only of our own and our country's loss.

Mr. Lincoln's death will strike a chord which will vibrate to the ends of the earth. Other nations will feel it and will be prompt to express their abhorrence of the crime which deprived this nation and the world of a wise and good man. As the subject of a country nearer by many bonds to this nation than to any other, I hesitate not to say that causes of irritation have arisen during this rebellion. Nor can I exempt from blame the government and people of Great Britain. This, however, is not the occasion to discuss these wrongs. Whatever delusion may have warped the views of European governments, will now be dispelled. When it is seen that the animus of the South can only find its legitimate expression in assassination, the favor with which it has been regarded abroad will give place to unmeasured condemnation.

The people of Great Britain, especially, will be filled with indignation when the afflicting news reach their shores, and they will hasten to show their sympathy for this sorrowing land—a sympathy as deep and genuine as it has been slow and cold in the past.

And, Mr. President, if these two great nations are drawn again into that close intimacy which a common ancestry, a common history and language and religion and civilization and interest renders so desirable, we can not but rejoice.

Mr. Lincoln will now be considered a martyr to the principles of the Union, and men from afar will begin to see him in his true character. His stern integrity, his republican simplicity, his firmness in the hour of trial, his sagacity as a statesman, his real excellencies in all the relations of life, and withal, his simple and unostentatious piety, will command the admiration of good men everywhere.

The Poet Laureate of England will feel the force of his own prophetic words, when he wrote of the man :

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of a throne ;
And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

Alas that the pillar is broken; but let us be thankful that the temple is complete, founded not on men but upon principles more lasting than men. This grief will hallow the nation. Four years in the furnace made hotter than is wont, will purge away the dross, will bring out the pure gold. Mr. Lincoln is not dead, the rectitude of his character — the soundness of his views, and the strength of his administration still live.

“Great minds can never cease; yet have they not
A separate estate of deathlessness,
The future is a remnant of their life;
Our time is part of theirs, not theirs of ours.”

Speeches were also made by Rev. Dr. Lord, Judge Clinton, and others; after which the Doxology was sung, and a benediction pronounced by Mr. Allison.

COMMON COUNCIL.

At the regular meeting of the Common Council, on Monday, April 17th, the following communication was received from His Honor Mayor Fargo:

BUFFALO, April 17, 1865.

To the Honorable the Common Council of the City of Buffalo:

GENTLEMEN:—It is my melancholy duty to officially communicate to you the intelligence that Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was assassinated on the night of the 14th inst., and that his funeral obsequies will take place at Washington, at noon on Wednesday the 19th inst.

This sad calamity — the more distressing because it has befallen the nation at a time when the events of the war and the policy of the President gave promise of the restoration of peace — has suddenly changed the joy of the people to the most profound grief. We mourn not only the loss of the Chief Executive of the Republic, but that in the manner of his death a blow has been struck at the

national life, and at the individual security of every citizen. I scarcely need suggest that the Council take suitable action in reference to this great national bereavement, and that a committee be appointed to act in concert with the committees of the Board of Trade and the citizens, in making arrangements for the observance of the day designated for the funeral.

Respectfully submitted.

WILLIAM G. FARGO, Mayor.

Ald. Moores moved that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to report appropriate resolutions for the consideration of this Council. Carried.

Whereupon the chair appointed Aids. Moores, Bryant, Ryan, Ambrose and Burgard as such committee, who submitted the following:

WHEREAS, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, has met with violent death at the hands of an assassin, actuated by motives of revenge, or by sympathy with the rebellion which has for four years been seeking to overthrow the government of our fathers, which is the rightful inheritance of ourselves and our children; and

Whereas, this great calamity has befallen the nation at a time when the events of the war and the policy of the President gave promise of the speedy restoration of peace and union, and commanded the approval of a majority of the patriotic people of the country; therefore

Resolved, that in this sad event the nation is called to mourn the death of an exalted patriot, and the world a truly honest man; and that the Common Council of the city of Buffalo, feeling that a blow has been struck, not only at the national life but at the personal security of every citizen of the United States, declare their unalterable attachment to the Union and the Constitution, and their determination to uphold the National Government and its constituted authorities at whatever cost or peril.

Resolved, that the city clerk be directed to cause the council chamber to be suitably draped in black for forty days.

Resolved, that a committee of five be appointed to co-operate with the committees of the Board of Trade and of citizens, in making arrangements for the suitable observance of the funeral obsequies.

Ald. Bryant moved that James M. Smith, Esq., be invited to address the Council on the subject of the above report. Carried.

At a subsequent meeting of the Council, Ald. Marsh, by unanimous consent, offered the following:

WHEREAS, arrangements have been perfected by which the remains of President Lincoln are expected to arrive in this city on the morning of the 27th instant, and remain during that day, when an opportunity will be afforded our citizens to view the remains and unite in a testimonial to his memory; therefore

Resolved, that this Council will in a body at such hour, on that day, as the committee having the matter in charge shall name, attend such ceremonies wearing the usual badge of mourning, and that his Honor the Mayor be requested to make such arrangements on behalf of and at the expense of the city, with reference to the occasion, as he may think proper.

Adopted.

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

Wednesday, April 19th—the day set apart for the Funeral Obsequies of President Lincoln — was signalized by the most solemn ceremonies ever witnessed in Buffalo. In accordance with the proclamation of Mayor Fargo and the request of the committees appointed to make arrangements for the proper observance of the day, business was universally suspended, and the emblems of mourning were

visible everywhere. Factory and store, shop and office were abandoned for the day, and the utmost quiet prevailed everywhere. The day was as balmy as could be wished, and long before the time announced for the exercises, Main street, and other principal streets, were alive with mourning humanity. The flags were suspended at half-mast, and over the stars and stripes projected the emblem of sorrow. Many of the stores on Main street, the printing offices, public buildings, depots, and numberless dwellings, were heavily draped exteriorly, and but few stores or houses in the city were there that did not wear the insignia of mourning. The various churches in which services were held, the Board of Trade rooms, Common Council chamber, Citizens' Club room, and numerous other places, were most tastefully draped interiorly. In a number of store windows were displayed the lithographed likeness of the late President in mourning, and on the streets every breast bore its badge, or every left arm its crape. As the time for the procession approached, the sidewalks on either side of Main street — the windows of stores from the Terrace to Tupper street — the buildings from ground floor to roof, and the streets converging in Niagara square, became thronged with people of all classes and ages, till it seemed as if the population of the city had turned out *en masse*.

At the hour designated, the various divisions which were to compose the procession, took position on the streets in the vicinity of Niagara square in accordance

with the programme, and through the efforts of the police, each division was allowed ample space for its movements.

At about ten minutes before twelve, the first minute gun was fired, the bells were rung, and the procession commenced to move, the military companies marching with arms reversed.

The line of march was up Niagara street to Main, up Main to Virginia, countermarching on Main to Tupper, down Tupper to Delaware, down Delaware to Niagara, up Niagara to Main, down Main to the Terrace, across the Terrace to Franklin, up Franklin to Erie, down Erie to Terrace street, and thence to the Terrace.

The procession occupied one hour and five minutes in passing a given point, and was about two miles and a half in length. Embodying as it did the various military, civic, and religious organizations of the city, it was the most dignified and imposing funeral cortege ever witnessed in Buffalo. The military bore draped flags, and the various societies which followed carried their banners appropriately decorated. The Fire Department looked better than we ever saw it before, and the decorations of their carriages, trucks and engines, were very tasteful.

The Funeral Car was a superbly draped canopy resting on four pillars, richly trimmed with black velvet, silver fringed. The car was exquisitely festooned with velvet and silver, and the inside of the canopy draped in white and black crape. In the centre of the car was the dais upon which rested the coffin, the whole covered with

drapery. The tops of the pillars which supported the canopy were ornamented with large knots of black and white crape, a black plume surmounting the canopy itself. The car was decorated by M. St. Ody, and was altogether a magnificent affair. It was drawn by six gray horses, each wearing on his head a black plume, and on his back a covering of broadcloth trimmed with fringe. The animals were led by colored grooms, and, with the car to which they were attached, made up the most interesting feature of the cortege.

The best of order prevailed, and the movements of the procession were made with a precision we have never seen equalled. Had a month's discipline been instituted in advance, the programme so far as it related to the procession, could not have been carried out more satisfactorily; and no less can be said for the lookers-on, who avoided the scramble for sight-seeing positions, usual to such occasions, and preserved the most perfect quiet throughout.

The procession having arrived on the Terrace the various divisions were drawn up in lines, the Funeral Car occupying a position in front of the platform. The stand was a large one, erected in front of Pratt & Co's and Pratt & Letchworth's stores, and was very appropriately decorated with American flags, with whose folds were blended the solemn symbols of grief. The seats were occupied by the orator and officiating clergymen, the pall-bearers, members of the Common Council and Board of Trade, ladies of the Sanitary Commission, and others. At half past one

o'clock, Mr. Lewis F. Allen called the meeting to order, and read the programme of exercises, after which a dirge was played by the Union Cornet Band. The following eloquent and effective prayer was then offered up to the Throne of Grace, by Rev. Dr. Allison:

O THOU, who art everywhere present, we acknowledge Thee as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. All things are beneath Thy control. All men are subject to Thee. In deep distress we approach. Our sorrow and loss are known to Thee. We have done evil in Thy sight, O Lord. As a nation we have sinned against Thee, and Thou hast permitted Thy servant, our Chief Magistrate, to be taken away from us by the hand of violence. That he lived to accomplish so much good we adore Thy Holy Name. That he was the instrument in Thy hand of subduing this wicked rebellion, and in rescuing so many of our fellow creatures from slavery, and in upholding in its integrity the Constitution of this nation, we praise Thee. And now, O our Father, that he is removed, we pray Thee to bless us and sanctify to our good this painful dispensation of Thy providence. Where we cannot trace Thee in thy mysterious Providences, may we trust Thee. We acknowledge thy sovereignty and bow down unto Thee. O bless this nation, now bereft of its tried and honored President. Give continued victories to our armies and navies until our last enemy is subdued, and no traitor or rebel voice be heard throughout our land. Sustain Thy servant, the newly installed President, in the discharge of the important duties to which he is now called. May he have wisdom and strength given to him to conduct successfully the affairs of this great Republic. May he receive the confidence and co-operation of the people for whose welfare he occupies his high position. May those from whom he seeks counsel be under Thy especial direction and care. We commend to Thy care our afflicted Secretary of State. We thank Thee that Thou hast saved him from sudden death by the assassin's knife. Preserve Thou his life, O God, that he may again, by Thy blessing, resume his important duties; and may we long enjoy the influence of his counsel and wisdom.

May all who have suffered from this desperate wickedness be

speedily restored to health again. Look in great compassion upon Thine handmaid, who mourns in her widowhood to-day. Be Thou her stay and support. May her sorrow (keener than ours can be) be assuaged by Thee. Protect and guide her children. May the spirit of the father be given to the sons. Preserve them that they may be a blessing to the land he served so well, and to the people who this day mourn his loss.

Give soundness and health to the sick and wounded soldiers who drag out weary days in our hospitals. And we pray Thee speedily to give peace in all our borders.

Bless the exercises of this occasion to the good of all present. May Thy servant who shall address this great multitude of people, be strengthened for the comfortable performance of his duty, and may this great concourse of our fellow citizens be protected in safety to their homes at the close of these services. May we all be kept from danger, accident and sudden death; and, finally, may we inherit eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The various singing societies next gave a deep and solemn rendering to the following lines, written for the occasion :

WHAT MEANS THAT CRY?

What means that cry, that is rising high
From the darkened land to the startled sky?

What means, etc.

'Tis the solemn sound of a nation's woe,
For him who was first in its heart, laid low!

For him, etc.

What sudden night, with a spell of might,
Hath quenched the glow of victory's light?

What sudden, etc.

'Tis a nation's life that is draped in gloom,
Its love and its hope that are laid in the tomb.

What sudden, etc.

Oh! let the dirge, with its mournful surge,
Float o'er the land to its farthest verge;

Oh! let, etc.

While we smooth o'er his honored form the sod,
 And the soul of the martyr ascends to God !
 And the soul, etc.

Then followed an extempore oration by the Rev. Dr.
 Lord :

WHYY is this vast assembly gathered here to-day ? How comes it that the nation is clad in mourning ? Wherefore are the cannon booming, and why is the victorious flag of the Republic draped in mourning, and hung at half-mast, from New York to San Francisco—from the Bay of Massachusetts to the Chesapeake ? To the Chesapeake, did I say ? I should have said to the Gulf of Mexico. Four years ago a plain man from Illinois declared at Washington that this starry flag must be replaced on every Southern town and fortress, and to-day his command is fulfilled. This flag waves to-day from Richmond to Raleigh, from Raleigh to Columbia, from Columbia to Charleston, from Charleston to Mobile, and from Mobile to New Orleans. Whence, then, this mingled grief and indignation of which I am to be interpreter, and which has a voice and an expression in every town and village of the Republic ? Our venerated President is dead. He has fallen, foully slain by the blow of an assassin, and this is the day of his funeral ! Twenty millions of people lift their hands to Heaven, crying,

“ Remember not our bygone years,
 Great God ! before the mercy seat ;
 Behold a universe in tears,
 A nation at Thy feet ! ”

But whence this terrible agitation ? Why do strong men bow themselves to hide their tears ? Why does the nation stagger under the blow like a palsied giant ? and this, too, at the very moment of its triumph, when victory after victory is reported to our arms throughout the length and breadth of the land ? Why this extraordinary grief ? Two Presidents, in our past history, have fallen in the midst of their labors. Neither is the assassination of rulers and of the great and noble a new event in the history of the world. Abraham

Lincoln is not the first of high officials who have fallen thus. Henry IV. of France fell by the dagger of Ravallac. The Washington of Holland, William the Silent, Prince of Orange, was slain by the pistol shot of an assassin. The great Duke of Buckingham was murdered by Felton. In later years a Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Percival, was assassinated when passing out of the House of Commons. How many Kings and other eminent men have barely escaped assassination? Of such are both the first and second Napoleon. George III. of England was fired at. In the old Empire of Russia how large a proportion of its rulers have fallen by the dagger! It is not, therefore, a strange event under the sun which calls us together to-day. Whence, then, this immoderate grief,—whence this horror in all minds, making the flesh to creep with terror?

The character and services of our deceased President, together with the time and manner of his death, are a sufficient explanation of the grief and indignation which has so touched the heart of the nation and brought an unnumbered multitude together to-day to hear his funeral obsequies.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a poor man, and was born of a family of poor whites, in Kentucky, in 1809. By the removal of the family to a free State, the boy obtained scope for his advancement. Poverty and ignorance, heirlooms of one of his class in a slave State, were no longer necessities of his birth and pecuniary condition. He was pre-eminently a self-made man, and in his earlier years followed his father's occupation of farming. His first promotion was to the captaincy of a militia company raised during the Black Hawk war, and he has been known to say that this early success gave him more pleasure than any subsequent. It doubtless excited his ambition and led him to persevere in his efforts at self-education. He next became a member of Congress from the State of Illinois, and afterwards was a candidate for the United States Senatorship, with Stephen A. Douglas (*venerabile nomen!*) as his competitor. Those who have been accustomed to sneer at Abraham Lincoln's abilities, should have remembered that the fact of his having borne himself with credit against such an antagonist furnished a most abundant proof of his ability before as well as after he became President. Mark well the title of "rail splitter" which has been contemptuously fastened upon him, and the reproach laid

upon Andrew Johnson of having risen from a tailor shop. Such words are not the going forth of the true Republican spirit.

It is the glory of our institutions that the poorest man may look forward to his son's becoming the President of the United States, and never was a time in our history when the true Democratic temper of the American people and the genius of our free institutions were made more manifest than when a farmer and a tailor were elected President and Vice-President of the great Republic. When, if ever, this sneer at labor shall become universal, our liberties are lost: our government is a Republic no longer, but an Aristocracy almost as bad as that foul oligarchy against which the nation, for four years, has been battling for life. The election of Abraham Lincoln at the Chicago Convention was a remarkable fact. His rival was perhaps the most polished statesman in the United States. Mr. Seward is an educated, polished and wealthy man, but Providence decreed that the plain man should triumph and become President.

Need I speak of the acts of Abraham Lincoln—how he has grown, year by year, upon the respect and affections of the people? His countenance, homely yet benign; his plain manners, his very gait are present with you now, as if you were looking on his face in yonder gorgeous hearse. His character was unspotted—not a single stain rests upon his memory. He was the most pure, gentle and generous of men. He retained his simplicity of character, manner and habits in his high position. His blood had not a drop of malice in it. He was a peculiar man. There was in him an irrepressible vein of humor and an overflowing of anecdote which served as a safety valve in his innumerable trials and perplexities; with this genial temper he possessed an almost unerring judgment, and with all his mildness an unyielding firmness on vital points. He carried in his face and conversation the tokens of a universal charity. If his worst enemy had fallen into his power, he would have been visited with not a single particle of vengeance. He was as ready to forgive his foes as they were eager to injure him.

Of the religious character of Abraham Lincoln I chance to know something more than what appears in his published words and in his recent Inaugural—his Inaugural, that strange prophetic utterance, more a prayer than a public document, the fervid power of which led the London *Times* to pronounce it Cromwellian. Not

that this haughty, and toward us always contemptuous English organ intended a compliment, but any parallel with Cromwell will be accepted as such in this country, where the Protector is esteemed the ablest man that ever ruled over Great Britain. More like a prophecy than an address to his fellow-countrymen, that Inaugural seems to have been inspired by prophetic anticipations of the death he has met. I know from the testimony of a member of his household that Mr. Lincoln was a man of prayer, a believer in the Gospel. In all the anguish and labor of the first term of office he sought God for succor and guidance. Was ever man so traduced, so overborne with trial and sorrow, so perplexed, as he who was fain to say, when certain persons visited him and reproached him in regard to the thousands slain at Chancellorsville, that he would gladly change his place for that of any of the men who lay in their blood on that field?

Shall I tell you of the services of Abraham Lincoln? He was raised up to guide us through such a trial as no nation ever before endured. Not but what the foundations of other countries have been laid in the blood of civil war. Ours is not the first nation which has been drenched in the gore of its own citizens. On the contrary, no nation has ever sent down great roots of steadfastness and perpetuity, but these were nourished by the blood of civil strife. But what was this trial of ours? Eight millions of people revolting, with fury and murder in their hearts—sundering rudely all ties of love, of a common religion, a common nationality and a common language! Never before was revolt so formidable: never was its territory so vast, its population so numerous, its resources so great, its spirit so revengeful and malignant. You are witnesses to-day how patiently and with what wisdom Abraham Lincoln guided our affairs until at last the flag of the Republic waves over the last fortress of the rebellion and is covered with complete and final triumph. With the fall of Raleigh, of which we hear this morning, the last stronghold of the enemy has been surrendered. When Abraham Lincoln entered Richmond he was suffered to see, for the first time, the reward of his work. I will not detain you to speak of the sufferings and trials to which he was subject. Assailed on all sides by extreme men; denounced by fanatics of opposing schools, and annoyed by the divisions and dissensions of his own party, none but a calm, kind,

wise man such as Abraham Lincoln could have managed to preserve harmony among his supporters. How wisely, patiently, urbanely and successfully he managed, you are witnesses as you stand to-day with the rebellion beneath the nation's heel, while the venomous monster writhes and with its last hiss stings to death our Chief Magistrate.

The *time* of Abraham Lincoln's death provokes our grief. It seems to us that he ought to have seen more of the triumph his hand had wrought—that he ought to have lived to see the land fully purged of rebellion, and until he felt himself truly to be the undisputed President of every inch of soil within the limits of the territory of the United States. But God thought otherwise. He caused him to go up like Moses, into the mountain at Richmond, and look over upon the promised land which it was not permitted him to enter. The *manner* of our President's death excites our indignation. Had it been wrought at the instigation of personal revenge, or of vindictiveness which his conduct had created, there would have been a different impression made by this stupendous crime. But the assassin planned his deed at no such impulse. Back of the act stand perhaps a thousand conspirators fired by a sentiment of political malignity. And the assassin even undertook to play the dramatist, appearing after he had committed the foul deed and waving a dagger, with the words of the motto of Virginia, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," in his mouth—"So always with tyrants." He publicly proclaimed himself in this theatrical manner the representative of Southern secession and treason. The motto might better be translated "So always *by* tyrants," for it was the tyrant who struck; it was Hampden who fell! Our horror is provoked because it is an organized conspiracy by which we are stricken. The proof of this is accumulating from day to day. The assassination of the President has been publicly advertised, threatened and justified in advance by Southern leaders and Southern prints. From the day of his first inauguration they have anticipated the crime and made it their aim. The rebellion has now executed its first threat in its last venomous act—the murder of Abraham Lincoln. The blow is aimed at the heart of the country; at you who have stood by your President; at free speech, free soil and free men.

Besides, Abraham Lincoln is the first ruler of a great nation who has been assassinated because he represented liberty. With one

exception—and that the case of William of Orange, who was killed rather as a sacrifice to religious fanaticism than from political motives, though his death did gratify the hatred of Philip II.—President Lincoln is the first instance of a ruler being slain for the sake of liberty. Tyrants have fallen often, but never before has the head of a government fallen because he was the enemy of slavery and tyranny and the friend of freedom. This stirs up our horror—this fires our indignation—that a man so just, so merciful, so innocent, should have fallen to gratify the lust of so foul an oligarchy as that of the rebellion.

But are there no consolations connected with this terrible event, this tremendous crime? I have already spoken of his blameless life and character and his full preparation for death, and in these we find one ground of consolation. But there are others. The work of Abraham Lincoln was done. Can we think for a moment that God, who preserved him from the pistol of the assassin four years, would have suffered him now to have fallen if his work had not been complete? Not if we believe in God. Another consolation is this: mark it well! Abraham Lincoln's death by murder canonizes his life. His words, his messages, his proclamations, are now the American Evangel. The seal of martyrdom is set to President Lincoln's policy and acts. And may not his death in this way accomplish almost as much as his life? God has permitted him to die a martyr because He wished to consecrate the works, the polity and proclamations of our President as the political Gospel of our country, sealed with blood. It will be hard now to oppose anything that he has done, or to pronounce unwise or foolish aught that he has said.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln is the crowning proof of the barbarizing influence of slavery. There are witnesses here—these emaciated and maimed soldiers—who represent the unparalleled sufferings of their class and proclaim the unspeakable barbarities and atrocities which have made the rebel prison-pens synonymous with cruelty and murder. The facts are denied in England, but they will yet be admitted and made patent before a shuddering world. We have seen something of the malevolence of rebellion. We have seen fifty thousand of our bravest men starved and tortured to death in the hands of rebels. Twenty years from now this will form the blackest page in history and will be so recognized by

all civilized men. The English still keep fresh the horror of the Black Hole of Calcutta; but what was the crime of a drunken Rajah who could not be waked to give relief to a small corps of suffering English prisoners suffocating in an unventilated dungeon, compared to the systematic, designed murder by the South of thousands of their prisoners. These victims of rebellion were starved and tortured to death by inches, and atrocities were committed upon them which it will not do to name—which even themselves will never reveal. These things are sufficient proof of the barbarism of slavery. For who are the people who committed these crimes? They are of the same stock as ourselves.

When I resided in Mobile I found that about the half of the population were Northern born. How is it that so many men at the South of Northern birth and Northern breeding have been transformed into demons? How is it that Massachusetts men as editors in Richmond and Charleston exhausted the vocabulary of foul and furious epithets in their abuse of the North? Is there any cause for this transformation but slavery? The South have the same language, the same Bible as ourselves—their blood is intermingled with ours. It is slavery alone which has debased and brutalized them. Its crowning act is the assassination, under the motto of Virginia, of President Lincoln. The whole tragedy shows forth the virus of insurrection and slavery. And now is there any man who, in future, will not curse this monstrous thing? Will it ever be tolerated again, or again find apologists?

It may seem hard to say what I am about to affirm of a certain class at the South. But I have been there and observed in what men the virus of the rebellion is contained. It is not the poor whites, nor yet the wealthy slaveholders, but a body of hangers-on upon the latter who were wont to fill New Orleans and Mobile with corpses night after night, who practise dueling as a profession and are without regard for human life, who are responsible for the atrocities which have from first to last characterized the great Rebellion. This class of the Southern people ought not to live. In the bitter words of an old poet they are —

“As full of devils and as manifold
As finite vessels of God's wrath can hold!”

The death of our venerated President forever silences and shames

the sympathies of that educated class in Europe who have been accustomed to uphold the South in its rebellion. Those representatives of the Confederacy who have been not only tolerated but *feted* in London and Paris, will find a sudden change in their situation when the terrible news crosses the ocean. The finger of scorn will be pointed at them. I have faith in England and in France as well, that the people of each will from henceforth abhor the cause of which this assassination is a representative act, and will brand the slanderers who have filled their newspapers with vile abuse of our government, as liars and murderers. America is vindicated in the Old World by the dead body of its martyred Chief Magistrate. The dagger of Booth settled the question of the respectability of secession in Europe.

We have another consolation in our confidence in the character of Andrew Johnson, the President by succession. God in his Providence has called now to the head of the nation a Southern man — bred in the midst of slavery — twice a Governor of Tennessee and a United States Senator from that State. The judgment of the rebels is left to a man whom they have hunted from his home as a partridge upon the mountains. He has already announced that he will have no mercy for traitors — that he will spare the rank and file, but hang the leaders of the rebellion. We are not the advocates of private or personal vengeance. As individuals, forgiveness of all men is our duty. But Andrew Johnson is called as the head of the nation to bear the sword of government, and the Apostle declares that the ruler shall not bear the sword in vain. There is a solemn curse pronounced on whosoever shall resist the exercise of this lawful power. What good citizen will resist this divinely appointed authority, or interpose when this sword of justice is lifted to punish treason? Out upon the mawkish sentimentalism which would stay this righteous vengeance! It is neither Christian nor manly. God demands that there shall be a vindication of law by the sword of lawful authority, and Andrew Johnson will see to it that this is done. As I have said elsewhere, the South have put away a Son of Consolation and taken in exchange a Son of Thunder. There is a sort of poetical justice in the fact that they are now to be judged by a Southern man accredited a statesman by themselves, and constituted their judge by the act of assassination which deprives the nation of its venerated President. But, my friends,

we are all fatigued, and this subject might be elaborated for hours, yet the protracted services of this sad occasion demand brevity. God has seen fit to repress our joy.

But a day since we were ready to shout hallelujahs. That exultation God has seen fit to temper by causing us to look on the broken body of our beloved President. The tears of the nation will bedew the grave of Abraham Lincoln, and he will be held in all time as the first great martyr of American Liberty. The vast army of 300,000 souls, who in the same cause have suffered before him, will hail the advent of their Chief whose life is the most glorious that has been sacrificed in this terrible and hitherto doubtful war. The lowly class from whence Abraham Lincoln sprang, will revere his memory and rejoice in his glory. Four millions of slaves whom he has freed, will forever guard his name and fame with sleepless vigilance and present at his grave their votive offerings, as at a shrine. The nation has canonized him, and will supplicate for his successor divine support and guidance, as they lift to heaven the prayer: "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

This address of Dr. Lord was necessarily extempore from the fact that he had but a few hours notice of the appointment.*

At the conclusion of the oration Mr. Lewis F. Allen addressed a few words to the audience, detailing an interview he had had a short time since with the late President at Washington. On Mr. Allen's informing him that the people of the North were all well pleased with his course, Mr. Lincoln replied that he was glad to hear it, adding: "I have done just as well as I knew how."

* [The editor is requested by Dr. L. to express his appreciation of the ability and fidelity of the reporter, David Gray, Esq., of the *Courier*.]

At the close of Mr. Allen's remarks, the singing societies sang the following:

REST, SPIRIT, REST.

Rest, (rest,) rest, (*rest*,) rest, spirit, rest, (*rest*.)

In Heaven blest, Rest, spirit, rest, (*rest*.)

Rest, spirit, rest,

Thou art fled, to realms of endless day,

In Heaven blest, by warbling choirs of seraphs led

Soar, spirit, soar away, Rest, spirit, rest.

Rest, (rest,) rest, (*rest*,) rest, spirit, rest, (*rest*.)

In Heaven blest, Rest, rest, spirit, rest, (*rest*.)

Soar, spirit, soar, (spirit soar,) spirit soar, (spirit soar.)

In Heaven blest, (heaven blest,) spirit rest, (spirit soar.)

Rest, (spirit,) rest, spirit rest, (spirit rest.)

In Heaven blest, (rest,) rest, (rest,) rest, spirit rest.

Benediction by the Rev. Dr. Smith closed the impressive exercises, and the immense assemblage congregated on the Terrace dispersed. Pleasant and exhilarating as the day was, there was no disposition anywhere manifested to give it a holiday character, as is generally the case when an entire community are relieved from all business care and duty. Seriousness and sorrow held the supremacy in every heart, for the people, with one accord, mourned sincerely the loss of their Chief, and clasped hands in a common grief. To see men of all parties, and religious denominations; of opposing classes and interests; of antagonistic thought and action, stand upon a single platform, and do homage as one man to the memory of the great martyr, could not but waken the strongest emotions of thankfulness, that the destinies of this great nation are in the keeping of such a people. Wednesday,

April 19th, will never be forgotten by those who took part directly or indirectly in the obsequies of President Lincoln.

The committee who perfected the arrangements for the observance of the day, and Chief Marshal Major-General Howard and his Aids, are all entitled to the gratitude of the city for the manner in which the ceremonies were conducted. So far as the procession is concerned, it is universally admitted that it was the grandest ever witnessed in Buffalo, and the march was worthy of veterans.

*THE REMAINS OF THE PRESIDENT AT BATAVIA — THEIR
ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION AT BUFFALO.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of April 27th and 28th.

THE committee appointed to proceed to Batavia, to meet the funeral train, left at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 20th, a special car having been provided for their accommodation. They were hospitably received and courteously entertained by the citizens of that place. The following gentlemen composed the committee:

Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE,	Hon. JAMES SHELDON,
“ N. K. HOPKINS,	“ E. S. PROSSOR,
“ I. A. VERPLANCK,	“ P. DORSHEIMER,
“ J. G. MASTEN,	JOHN WILKESON,
“ F. P. STEVENS,	S. H. FISH,
“ HENRY MARTIN,	S. S. JEWETT.

THE RECEPTION AT BATAVIA.

The people of the village were awakened by the firing of cannon before daylight this morning, and as the gray dawn appeared a most imposing sight was witnessed at the depot. It seemed to us that the entire population of the village, men and women, young and

old, had assembled about the spot. The two sides of the depot were tastefully and appropriately draped — the work of the town authorities, under the superintendence of Homer Bostwick, Esq., President of the village. Many of the most prominent places in the village were also draped in mourning.

Promptly to a moment, according to a special time-table previously arranged, the pilot engine, with one car attached, made its appearance. These were simply but becomingly draped.

After the lapse of ten minutes the funeral train made its appearance. This was composed of nine cars — three sleeping cars — besides the funeral car, in which lay the remains of the lamented dead. The coaches furnished by the company were all new, and probably formed the most elegant train which ever passed over the road. All were tastefully draped.

THE FUNERAL CAR.

The funeral car is a beautiful specimen of the builder's art, and was designed and constructed by Mr. B. P. Lamerson, for Mr. Lincoln's use, but the present sad occasion is the first time this splendid car has been put in motion. Of a deep chocolate color, the panels relieved with a delicate tracery of small pure white lines, the car would seem almost specially designed for its present use. There are twelve windows with plate glass panes on each side, and the entire exterior of the car is of the richest character.

The edge of the roof is tastefully and richly hung with deep silver fringe, as well as the ends of the porches. Above the windows is a heavy row of crape festoons, looped over each window by a silver star and a large silver button tassel. Pendant between each window hangs a deep fold of crape, edged with silver fringe.

The interior of the car is hung with black tapestry, which completely conceals the rich walnut paneling, and the closets, sleeping berths and other appliances of comfort. The platform upon which the coffin stands is covered with black, and all around the car the deep and solemn aspect of the interior is somewhat brightened and relieved by silver stars and tassels.

THE TRAIN.

As the train approached the depot, all heads were uncovered, and the deepest silence prevailed. The locomotive was the "Dean

Richmond," a splendidly built machine, one of the largest and most powerful on the road. In the front, over the lamp, two American flags, intertwined with emblems of mourning, were gracefully festooned, while beneath the lamp was a fine portrait of the deceased President, also entwined in black. In the sockets for the flag-staff on either side, was a beautiful bouquet composed of evergreens, lillies of the valley, ivy, etc. A similar bouquet also surmounted the sand box. The hand rails were gracefully festooned with white and black crape, and the polished work shone with dazzling brightness.

The delegates from Buffalo took their places in the car reserved for them, as did also the delegation from Batavia, composed of the following gentlemen:

HARRY WILBER,	H. J. GLOWACKI,
D. W. TOMLINSON,	BENJ. PRINGLE,
JERRY HASKELL,	W. S. MALLORY,
MYRON H. PECK,	WM. TYRRELL,
JOHN FISHER,	D. D. WAITE,
SETH WACKERMAN,	H. U. HOWARD.
L. DOTY,	

A most pleasing feature in the reception at Batavia, was the singing of a choir, under the lead of Myron H. Peck, Esq. On a platform, which had been erected for the purpose immediately in front of the depot, a large number of ladies and gentlemen took their position, and the sweet strains of the hymn "Speed Away," floated out on the morning air, producing a most solemn and beautiful effect. Another hymn followed, and the train took its departure.

The citizens of Batavia — ladies and gentlemen — are entitled to all praise for the good taste and feeling displayed.

The various stations on the road were passed at the precise time set down; and at each place, and for that matter, all along the entire route, the inhabitants, notwithstanding the early hour, thronged the way, and silently and respectfully uncovered as the train passed.

THE ARRIVAL AT BUFFALO.

How shall we attempt to describe the scene on approaching the city? It seemed to us as we stood upon the platform of the car and looked over the vast multitudes which thronged every street and sidewalk, every window and house-top, every available position, in

fact, that the population of Buffalo must have been trebled since yesterday, and that all had flocked to that portion of the city through which the train passed on its way to the depot.

Arrived in the depot, the officers in charge, the escort, committees and others were shown into Bloomer's model railroad dining saloon, where a sumptuous and very acceptable breakfast had been prepared.

Breakfast over, and the hour of eight o'clock having arrived, the remains were taken from the funeral car and conveyed to the hearse prepared to receive them—that used on the 19th.

LEAVING THE DEPOT.

The coffin was borne on the shoulders of ten of the soldiers, preceded by Gen. Dix and Staff, the officers composing the cortege, and the members of Gov. Fenton's Staff, viz:

Inspector General—GEO. E. BATCHELLOR.

Judge Advocate General—A. W. HARVEY.

Quartermaster General—MERRITT.

Paymaster General—MARVIN.

Chief Military Bureau—COL. L. L. DOTY.

The sergeants bearing the coffin were flanked by the remainder of the Guard of Honor with drawn swords. On the right and left of these walked the bearers, as follows:

SAMUEL F. PRATT,

GEO. R. BABCOCK,

WARREN BRYANT,

WM. WILKESON,

G. T. WILLIAMS,

JACOB HEIMLICH, JR.,

THOS. J. DUDLEY,

ISAAC HOLLOWAY.

The coffin being placed on the hearse, and all being in readiness, the procession commenced its march.

THE PROCESSION.

The following was the order of the procession:

Major-General R. L. HOWARD and Staff.

Union Cornet Band.

Brigadier-General WM. F. ROGERS and Staff.

74th Regt. N. G., Col. W. G. SEELY.

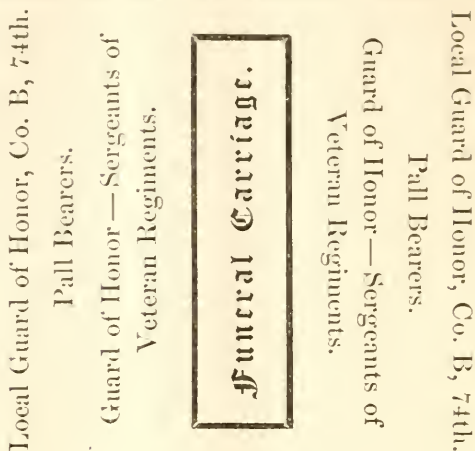
Battery of Light Artillery—6 pieces—commanded by

Lieut.-Colonel R. FLACH.

Miller's Band.

Army and Navy Officers.

Major-General Dix and other General Officers in carriages.



Civic Escort.

Citizens' Committee on foot.

Common Council on foot.

Citizens in Carriages.

Citizens on foot.

AROUND ST. JAMES BUILDINGS.

The crowd in the neighborhood of the St. James Buildings was immense, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the police, who seemed to be everywhere present, were enabled to carry out their instructions and enforce obedience to the regulations which were made for the accommodation of all. No cars or other vehicles were allowed to pass along Main or Eagle streets — ropes being stretched across the former, and the latter having been closed by a high board fence.

IN THE HALL.

After traversing the route laid down, the funeral car stopped in front of the Main street entrance of the Hall, about 9 o'clock, and the coffin was borne by its trusty guardians to the place prepared for it. The lid was removed from the face by the embalmer and the undertaker, who accompanied the train from Washington, and the face of the martyred President was exposed to view. Wreaths of flowers were placed upon the coffin and a most beautiful floral device in the shape of a harp, with broken strings, the gift of the ladies of the St. Cecilia Society, was placed at the head.

About 10 o'clock, the doors were thrown open and the public were admitted to the Hall.

The internal arrangements of the Hall for exhibiting the remains of the President could not, in our opinion, have been better conceived, when it is remembered that in the construction of public halls for exhibitions but little provision is or can be made for exhibiting except with gas light. In draping with black such a hall as the St. James, the light of the few windows is so much absorbed or shut out that we think the plan adopted of depending entirely upon gas for lighting was an admirable one. The tent or canopy was erected in the centre of the Hall, fifty feet in diameter by thirty in extreme height. Two thousand yards of black undressed cambric were used in its construction. It was lighted by the large chandelier, the fifty jets of which, tempered by the sombre surroundings created a pleasing yet saddening effect upon the mind, entirely in keeping with the time and occasion.

The walls of the canopy were decorated with hangings of black velvet and silver bullion fringe, alternating with large braids of black and silver, with large rosettes interspersed. Ten large mourning pillars, appropriately festooned, were distributed around the sides of the canopy.

The platform or dais upon which the coffin rested, was beautiful in design and in decoration, so perfectly in keeping with the finish of the coffin that it seemed that one mind must have conceived both. To M. St. Ody belongs the credit of all this, and if any evidence had previously been required to establish his reputation as a gentleman of exquisite taste, the deficiency has been abundantly supplied.

The entrance from Main street was reserved for ladies. On entering here all passed up the right hand side of the stairway, entered the main Hall through the side door, passed the coffin over a raised and railed platform, and countermarching, passed out by the same door and stairs through which they entered—always keeping to the right, and thus avoiding confusion. Gentlemen entered by the Eagle street door, passed up the easterly stairs, thence through the Hall, past the coffin, and down by the westerly stairs. No person was allowed to stop or leave the line for a moment. The order was excellent. Since the doors were first opened for the reception of visitors this morning, there has not been a single moment's pause in the living stream which has flown through the Hall. Twenty thousand we believe

would not be too high an estimate of the number which visited it between nine o'clock and noon.

Before the opening of the coffin, a dirge was sung by the members of the St. Cecilia Society, occupying a position in the gallery, above the canopy which enclosed the coffin, and the effect was pronounced by those who were present, as striking and impressive in the extreme. The coffin having been opened, the singers changed their position to the opposite side of the Hall, and again the solemn strains of the dirge filled the vast apartment.

VISIT OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

At 12 o'clock the Common Council of the city of Buffalo and the city officials, headed by Mayor Fargo, the Supervisors of Erie county, the Common Council of the city of Rochester, with Mayor Moore and Ald. Draper, President of the Council, Brig.-Gen. Williams, of the 25th N. G., and staff, and Col. Clark, of the 54th N. G., and staff, visited the Hall. The civil and military officers from Rochester arrived on the eight o'clock train, and joined our city officials at the Council Chamber by invitation.

Throughout the entire day some of the officers belonging to the escort, accompanied by officers of the Union Continentals, maintained a position at the head of the coffin, and never was there a single moment when some of them were not immediately beside the remains.

It is impossible to speak too highly in praise of the members of the Police force who were on duty inside the Hall. Vigilant and untiring, they performed their duties in a manner thoroughly acceptable to all. Never speaking above a whisper, passing noiselessly through the Hall, they were everywhere present, courteous but firm, neat and gentlemanly in appearance, and were materially instrumental in bringing about the results so highly spoken of.

The Union Continentals, too, are deserving of all praise. From morning till night they were at their posts, performing their onerous duties with a degree of efficiency, and a cheerfulness and alacrity, hardly to be expected in men whose age and position entitle them to rank among the fathers of the city.

Having conversed with several observing gentlemen whose duty required them to be present in the Hall throughout the day—some

of them having counted and "timed" the number passing the coffin at various intervals—we are convinced that at least ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND persons visited the Hall from the opening to the close.

The stores on Main street, and, indeed, throughout the greater portion of the city, were closed during the day. Many of the prominent places of business on Main street were elaborately and beautifully draped in white and black, and there was no place which did not exhibit some signs of mourning. Flags at half mast, shrouded and draped, were seen on every hand, and every possible mark of respect was apparent.

CLOSING THE COFFIN.

At ten minutes past eight o'clock, Capt. N. K. Hall, of the Union Continentals, gave the order for the doors to be closed, and all further admission was denied. The Continentals formed in single file, and passed around the coffin to take a last look at the face of the illustrious dead; the embalmer and his assistant removed the wreaths of flowers from the coffin and silently brushed the dust from the velvet covering; the lid was screwed down and the flowers replaced; the manly looking Sergeants of the Guard of Honor—the carriers—approached and reverently raised the coffin to their shoulders and proceeded with it out of the Hall—past their comrades and officers drawn up with sabres at the present—past the Continentals in the outer Hall—past the soldiers of the 74th—past the Committees—and bore it to the funeral car which was in waiting in front of the Main street entrance.

DEPARTURE OF THE TRAIN.

The escort was the same as in the morning. The depot was reached—the body was borne to the funeral car, and the escort took its leave. A large gathering of citizens surrounded the depot and crowded the entrances.

The train on the Lake Shore road consisted of nine coaches, including the funeral car and the magnificent sleeping car which had also come from Washington. The coaches of the Lake Shore road were new and beautiful, and all were decorated with exquisite taste.

The hour of departure having arrived, the train moved off promptly at the minute, the solemn strains of the dirge, performed by Miller's Band, filled the place, and the remains of the venerated

Chief Magistrate of the Union passed on their way to their final resting-place.

The citizens of Buffalo acquitted themselves with high honor on this sorrowful occasion, and the part taken by them on the memorable 27th of April, 1865, will be recorded and mentioned to their credit for a century to come.

The 74th Regiment never looked better than yesterday, and Col. Seely, Lieut.-Col. Baker and all the officers and men may congratulate themselves upon the fact that their bearing was such as to call forth not only the praise of our citizens, but that of veteran officers fresh from the field, whose opinions in such matters are entitled to additional weight.

NOTE.

The Editor of this pamphlet desires to say that the greater part of the matter has been selected from the reports of the different daily papers of the city. His object has been simply to present a corrected history of the proceedings had in Buffalo, commemorative of the death of President Lincoln, in a shape better adapted for preservation than in those "brief chroniclers of the times" to whom he is thus indebted.

It is proper to add that, besides those here given, several sermons were preached on the occasion. Some of these have been published in pamphlet form, which will account for their absence from this; others he would have been glad to give, but they were either not accessible to him, or would not come within the limit prescribed for the work.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, May 3d, 1865.

THE SILENT SORROW OF THE ENFRANCHISED SLAVE.

Suggested by the Obsequies of President Lincoln in Buffalo.

BY JOHN C. LORD.

The silent sorrow of the enfranchised slave
Has no fit place amid our sad array;
No symbol of these mourning millions wave
Among our emblems, as they should, to-day.

What tears like theirs, for whom the Martyr bled?
What wail of thronging thousands can compare
With their unspoken anguish for the dead,
Deep in its silence, dumb in its despair?

No booming cannon vocalize their grief,
No long processions, moving sad and slow;
No solemn dirges give their souls relief,
No gorgeous standards, draped with signs of woe.

Sadly the Freedmen wend from hill and vale,
Gath'ring in their rude huts at set of sun,
In solemn awe, to hear the appalling tale
Of that foul deed on their Deliverer done.

Ah! who can know their untold agony,
To whom his death appears the crowning loss?—
So the Disciples feared on that dread day
When the great SUFFERER hung upon the Cross.

The sable Mother, as her eyes grow dim,
Wails o'er her first-born by the cottage fire;
Freedom, though *late* for *her* is *all* to *him*—
Must it, alas! with that great life expire?

Old, scarred and palsied slaves, who from the shore
Of burning Afric in their youth were torn,
Bow down in speechless misery before
The tale of horror on the breezes borne!

They know not that the *manner* of his death
Forever seals their chartered rights as men—
That in their Martyr's last expiring breath
The Nation heard these solemn words again:—

*Two hundred years of unrequited toil
Have heaped up treasure for this day of blood,
And every drop of Slave-gore on our soil
Demands another from the Sword of God!*

